

THE
W O R K S
OF
WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

VOL. VI.
ROKBY. II.
NOTES.

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THE

W O R K S

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

ROBERT BURNS

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NOTES



## NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

### N o t e I.

On Barnard's towers and Tees's stream, etc. —

St. I. p. 11.

Barnard Castle, saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great anti-



quity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent-shot! The prospect from the top of Baliol's tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the middle ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Baliol, the first king of Scotland of that family, Edward I. seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal. It was afterwards vested in the Beauchamps of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Durham, and sometimes in that of the crown. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. From the Staffords, Barnard Castle passed, probably by marriage, into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and belonged to the last representative of that family when he engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill-concerted insurrection of the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth.



Upon this occasion, however, Sir George Bowes of Sheatlam, who held great possessions in the neighbourhood, anticipated the two insurgent Earls, by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which he held out for ten days against all their forces, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. See Sadler's State Papers, vol. II. p. 330. In a ballad, contained in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. I. the siege is thus commemorated: —

Then Sir George Bowes he straight way rose,  
After them some spoyle to make;  
These noble erles turned back againe,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard Castle then fled he;  
The uttermost walles were eathe to won,  
The erles have won them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and brick;  
But though they won them soon anone,  
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rock and stone.

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland, Barnard Castle reverted to the crown, and was sold or leased out to Car, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It



was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the Elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the parliament, whose interest during the civil war was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. It is now, with the other estates of that family, the property of the Right Honourable Earl of Darlington.

### N o t e II.

— — — — no human ear,  
Unsharpened by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank, etc. —

St. V. p. 14.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dramatic works display such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance:

"De Montfort (Off his guard.) 'Tis Rezenvelt:  
I heard his well-known foot!

From the first stair-case mounting step by step.  
Freb. How quick an ear thou hast for distant  
sound!

I heard him not.

(De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent,")



## N o t e III.

The morion's plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat in ample fold  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould. —

St. VI. p. 15.

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the civil war, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. — "In the reign of King James I." says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city trained-bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may in some measure be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals or leather," — Grose's Military Antiquities, Lond. 1801, 4to. vol. II. p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corslet, several are yet preserved, and Cap-



tain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balbrough-Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or silver embroidery. From the following curious account of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old round-head captain and a justice of peace, by whom his arms were seized after the Restoration, we learn that the value and importance of this defensive garment were considerable. «A party of horse came to my house, commanded by Mr Peebles; and he told me he was come for my arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked him for his order. He told me he had a better order than Oliver used to give; and, clapping his hand upon his sword hilt, he said that was his order. I told him, if he had none but that, it was not sufficient to take my arms; and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read it. It was signed by Wentworth Armitage, a general warrant to search all persons they suspected, and so left the power to the soldiers at their pleasure. They came to us at Coalley-Hall, about sun-setting; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Peebles into the room where my arms were. My arms were near the kitchen fire; and there they took away



fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, better than 20l. Then Mr Peebles asked me for my buff-coat; and I told him they had no order to take away my apparel. He told me I was not to dispute their orders; but if I would not deliver it, he would carry me away prisoner, and had me out of doors. Yet he let me alone unto the next morning, that I must wait upon Sir John, at Halifax, and coming before him, he threatened me, and said, if I did not send the coat, for it was too good for me to keep. I told him it was not in his power to demand my apparel; and he, growing into a fit, called me rebel and traitor, and said if I did not send the coat with all speed, he would send me where I did not like well. I told him I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at. I departed the room, yet, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr Thomas Lyster, of Shipden-Hall, for this coat, with a letter, verbatim thus: 'Mr Hodgson, I admire you will play the child so with me as you have done, in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall so hear from me as will not very well please you.' I



was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but if they would take it, let them look to it: and he took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain Batt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again: but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, betwixt us: and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken 10l. for it; he would have given about 4l.; but wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction." — *Memoirs of Captain Hodgson, Edin. 1806, p. 178.*

#### N o t e IV.

On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time, etc. —  
St. VIII. p. 17.

In this character I have attempted to sketch one of those West-Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buccaneres.



The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these free-booters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was dispatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet against the Dutch, had orders from the court of Madrid to destroy these colonies, whose vicinity at once offended the pride, and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbours. This order the Spanish admiral executed with sufficient rigour; but the only consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Buccaneers, to commence a retaliation so horridly savage that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of number, eve-



ry Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves, both in the battle and after the conquest, more like daemons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitious terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories, in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered into some new association, and undertook new adventures. For further particulars concerning these extraordinary banditti, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called the History of the Buccaneers.

### N o t e V.

— — — On Marston heath

Met, front to front, the ranks of death. —

St. XII. p. 20.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortuna-



tely for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day: — «The right wing of the parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their front was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for a reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

«The right wing of the prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle, the left wing by the prince himself, and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and



Major-General Porter: thus were both sides drawn up into batalia.

«July 3d, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The prince, with his left wing, fell on the parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter upon the parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the king's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost atchieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory after three hours fight.

«From this battle and the pursuit some reck-on were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chace, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, 25 pieces of ordnance, 47 colours, 10,000 arms,



two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage." —

WHITELOCKE'S Memoirs, Lond. 1682, fol p. 89.

Lord Clarendon informs us that the king, previous to receiving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, "that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory."

#### N o t e VI.

Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,  
Cursing the day when zeal or meed  
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed. —

St. XIX. p. 28.

Monckton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the manuscript history of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the



fight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript will be speedily published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

“The order of this great battell, wherin both armies was neer of ane equall number, consisting, to the best calculatiōe, neer to three score thousand men upon both sydes, I shall not take upon me to discryve; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I receaved from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde from the one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther several squadrons of horse and battallions of foot how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the king's armies and that of the parliament's, amongst whom, untill the engagment, he went from statione to statione to observe ther order and forme; but that the descriptione of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his majesties interest, hes been so often done already by English authors, little to our commendatione, how justly I shall



not dispute, seing the truth is, as our principall generall fled that night neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totallie routed: but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Lesselie, lievetennent-generall of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minione of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish eftirward three rebellious nations, disdained not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same qualitie of command for the parliament, as being lievetennent-general to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, haveing routed the prince's right wing, as he had done that of the parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing, wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from persuing these brocken troupes, but, wheelling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the prince's main battallion of foot, carying them doune with great violence; nether mett they with any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallione of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with ther shott, when they came to charge, stoutly boor them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them. Here the parliament's horse of that wing receaved ther greatest losse, and a stop for some-



tyme putt to ther hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallione, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, untill at length a Scots regiment of dragoonns, commanded by Collonell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did when all the ammunitione was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had foughten.

“Be this execution was done, the prince returned from the persuite of the right wing of the parliament’s horse, which he had beatten and followed too farre, to the losse of the battell, which certanely, in all men’s opinions, he might have caryed if he had not been too violent upon the persuite; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunitie to disperse and cut doune his infantrie, who, haveing cleared the field of all the standing bodie of foot, wer now, with many of ther owne, standing ready to receave the charge of his allmost spent horses if he should attempt it, which the prince observeing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternatione in the parliament armies, that its believed by most of those that wer there present, that if the prince, haveing so great a body of horse inteire, had made ane on fall that night, or the ensueing



morning be tyme, he had carryed the victorie out of ther hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, whereof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toun and garrisonne of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the king and his interest in the three kingdomes, his majestie never being able eftir this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

«As for Generall Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight haveing that part of the army quite brocken, where he had placed himself, by the valour of the prince, he imagined, and was consermed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they wer fleeing upon all hands; theirfore they humblie intreated his excellence to reteir and wait his better fortune, which, without farder advyseing, he did; and never drew bridle untill he came the lenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of drap de berrie about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certanety who was master of the



field, when at length ther arrayves ane expresse, sent by David Lesselie, to acquaint the general they had obtained a most glorious victory, and that the prince, with his brocken troupes, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazeing to these gentlemen that had been eye witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther retearing, and had then accompanied the general in his flight, who, being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman comeing quyetly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cryes out, 'Lievetennent-collonell, what newes?' — 'All is safe, may it please your excellence, the parliament's armie hes obtained a great victory;' and then delyvers the letter. The generall upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast and sayes, 'I would to God I had dyed upon the place', and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave ane account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanied some mylles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of







## N o t e VII.

With his barbed horse, fresh tidings say  
Stout Cromwell hath redeem'd the day. —

St. XIX. p. 28.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor, which was equally matter of triumph to the independants, and of grief and heart-burning to the presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows: —

“The independants sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; and they and their Majorgeneral Cromwell had done it all there alone: but Captain Stuart afterward shewed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation. God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side, Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels; this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right-wing down; only Eglinton kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crowner, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the



beginning of the victory was from David Lesly, who before was much suspected of evil designs: he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them." — BAILLIE'S Letters and Journals, Edin. 1785, 8vo., II. 36.

## Note VIII.

Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Trained forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall? —  
St. XX. p. 29.

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reed-water Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated: — "The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Trough-end, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the cource of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and



contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage we are informed that the ghost of the injured borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Redes of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

#### N o t e IX.

And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Risingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shewn  
An outlaw's image on the stone. —

St. XX. p. 29.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Habitancum. Camden says, that in his time the popular ac-



count bore, that it had been the abode of a deity or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Risingham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, DEO MOGONTI CADENORUM. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr Horseley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than of that which was so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of



them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraven. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Redesdale was given to one of the Umfravilles, Lords of Prudhow, and afterwards to one Hilliard, a friend and follower of the king-making Earl of Warwick. This person commanded an army of Northamptonshire and northern men, who seized on and beheaded the Earl Rivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville. — See HOLLINSHED, ad annum, 1469.

### N o t e X.

———— Do thou revere

The «statutes of the buccaneer. —

St. XXI. p. 30.

The «statutes of the buccaneers» were in reality more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prizemoney acquired was thrown toge-



ther, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expences of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St Domingo, or some other French and English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were buccaneers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favour had never any influence in the



division of the booty; for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman, but necessary piratical plunders." — RAYNAL'S History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond, Lond, 1776, 8vo, III. p. 41.



## NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

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### N o t e I.

— the course of Tees. — St. II. p. 46.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but being interspersed with hedgerows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr Morritt of Rokeby. In Leland's time the marble quarries seem to have been of some value.



“Hard under the cliff by Egleston, is found on eche side of Tese very fatr marble, wont to be taken up booth by marbelers of Barnardes Castle and of Egleston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold onwrought to others.” — Itinerary, Orford, 1768, 8vo., p. 88.

### N o t e II.

Egliston's grey ruins. — St. IV. p 48.

The ruins of this abbey, or priory, for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter, are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Eglistone was dedicated to St Mary and St John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokebys, Bowes, and Fitzhughs.

### N o t e III.

— — — the mound

Raised by that legion long renown'd,



Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame. —

St. V. p. 49.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta-Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr Morritt. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription LEG. VI. VIC, P. F. F., which has been rendered, Legio. Sexta. Victrix. Pia. Fortis. Fidelis.

#### N o t e IV.

— Rokeby's turrets high. — St. VI. p. 49.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, tempore Hen. IV., of which Hollinshed gives the following account: —

“The king advertised hereof, caused a great



armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies; but yer the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas or (as other copies haue) Sir Rafe Rokesbie, shiriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the earle and his power; comming to Grimbautbrigs, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham Moor, near to Haizlewood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The shiriffe was as readie to giue battell as the erle to receiue it; and so with a standard of S. George spread, set fiercelie vpon the erle, who, vnder a standard of his owne armes, encountered his aduersaries with great manhood. There was a sore incounter and cruell conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the shiriffe. The Lord Bardolfe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortlie after died of the hurts. As for the Earle of Northumberland, he was slain outright; so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which gave an inkling of this his heauy hap long before, namelie,

*Stirps Persitina periet confusa ruina.*

For this earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left aliue, called by the name of



Persie; and of manie more by diuers slaughters  
 dispatched. For whose misfortune the people  
 were not a little sorrie, making report of the  
 gentleman's valiantnesse, renowne, and honour,  
 and applieing vnto him certeine lamentable ver-  
 ses out of Lucaine, saieng,

Sed nos nec sanguis, nec tantum vulnera  
 nostri

Affecere senis: quantum gestata per urbem  
 Ora ducis, quae transfixo deformia pilo  
 Vidimus.

For his head, full of silver horie haires, being  
 put upon a stake, was openlie carried through  
 London, and set vpon the bridge of the same  
 citie: in like manner was the Lord Bardolfes.  
 — HOLINSHED'S Chronicles, Lond. 1808, 4to.  
 III. 45.

The Rokeby, or Rokesby, family conti-  
 nued to be distinguished until the great civil  
 war, when, having embraced the cause of  
 Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and  
 confiscations. The estate then passed from its  
 ancient possessors to the family of the Robin-  
 sons, from whom it was purchased by the fa-  
 ther of my valued friend, the present pro-  
 prietor.



## N o t e V.

A stern and lone , yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode! —

St. VII. p. 50.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham, the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, GRIDAN, to clamour. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which chlings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copse-wood. In one spot the dell, which is



elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew.trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Bloc-kula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been whilom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which her blood is shewn upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide.

#### N o t e VI.

What gales are sold on Lapland's shore. —

St. XI. p. 55.

« Also I shall shew very briefly what force



conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their natural order: premising this, that the extream land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this divelish art, of all the arts of the world, to admiration; and in this, or other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentillisme, to sell winds to merchants that were stopt on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them vnto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first they should have a good gale of wind, when the second a stronger wind, but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was any such power in



these knots." — OLAUS MAGNUS's History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals, Lond. 1658, fol. p. 47.

### N o t e VII.

How whistle rash bids tempests roar. —

St. XI. p. 55.

That this is a general superstition is well-known to all who have been on ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs Leakey, who, about 1636, resided, we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons



by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humour to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially so soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass; and how Mrs Leakey the younger took courage to address her; and how the bel-dam dispatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged; and how the bishop



was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned; — all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called *Athenianism*, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of *The Apparition Evidence*.

### N o t e VIII.

Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light. —

St. XI. p. 55.

“This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called *Windy Cap*; and many men believed that *Regnerus*, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age.” —  
*OLAUS*, ut supra, p 45.



## Note XI.

— The Dæmon-frigate. — St. XI. p. 55.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors The Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to shew an inch of canvass. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them, and that as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his Scenes



of infancy, imputing, with poetical ingenuity,  
the dreadful judgment to the first ship which  
commenced the slave trade: —

Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore  
That first the weight of bartered captives  
bore;

Bedimmed with blood, the sun with shrinking  
beams

Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean streams;  
But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear-  
ed,

Amid the crew the speckled plague appeared.

Faint and despairing on their watery bier,

To every friendly shore the sailors steer;

Repelled from port to port, they sue in vain,

And track with slow unsteady sail the main.

Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is  
seen

To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds  
green,

Towers the tall mast a lone and leafless tree,

Till self-impelled amid the waveless sea;

Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to  
sing,

Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy  
wing,

Fixed as a rock amid the boundless plain,

The yellow stream pollutes the stagnant main,



Till far through night the funeral flames  
 aspire,  
 As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.  
 Still doomed by fate on weltering billows  
 rolled,  
 Along the deep their restless course to hold,  
 Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide  
 The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide;  
 The spectre ship, in livid glimpsing light,  
 Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,  
 Unblest of God and man! — Till time shall  
 end,  
 Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

#### N o t e X.

— by some desert isle or key. —

St. XII. p. 55.

What contributed much to the security of the buccaneers, about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country keys. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and in general much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for



the purpose of ambush ; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

N o t e XI.

Before the gate of Mortham stood. —

St. XVI. p. 59.

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms “Mr Rokesby’s place, in ripa citer, scant a quarter of mile from Gretabridge, and not a quarter of mile beneath into Tees,” is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole



forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, incloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglistone priory, and, from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr Morritt's new plantations.

#### N o t e XII.

There dig and tomb your precious heap,  
And bid the dead your treasure keep. —

St. XVIII. p. 61.

If time did not permit the buccaneers to



lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious, and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

### N o t e XIII.

The power — — — —

That unsubdued and lurking lies

To take the felon by surprise. —

St. XIX. p. 62.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to

XVIII.

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have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed, by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, "That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine!" — a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the author himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was guiltless,



suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of his communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

#### N o t e XIV.

— Brackenbury's dismal tower. —

St. XXVIII. p. 69.

This tower has been already mentioned: it is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which incloses Barnard-Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is indeed some reason to conclude that the tower may' actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard-Castle.

#### N o t e XV.

Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.

. . . . .



Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee! —

St. XXXI. p. 71.

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the committees of parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the commons. In some circumstances it happened that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of the Committee turns upon the plot of Mr and Mrs Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry their son Abel, as the price by which she was to compound with parliament for delinquency; that is, for attachment to the royal cause.

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## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

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### N o t e I.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way. —

St. II. p. 76.

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising. Adair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible.



"When the Chickasah nation was engaged in a former war with the Muskohge, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation. . . . He went through the most unfrequented and thick parts of the woods, as such a dangerous enterprise required, till he arrived opposite to the great and old-beloved town of refuge, Koosah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Alebahma-Fort, down to the black poisoning Mobille, and so into the gulph of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading path, where the enemy now and then pass the river in their light poplar canoes. All his war-store of provisions consisted in three stands of barbicued venison, till he had an opportunity to revenge blood, and return home. He waited with watchfulness and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him about an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shaked the scalps before them, sounded the awful death-whoop, and set off along the trading path, trusting to his heels, while a great many



of the enemy ran to their arms, and gave chase. Seven miles from thence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalahche mountains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaning his back against a tree, he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts, as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up in his course. Though I often have rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Koosah to this sprightly warrior's place in the Chickasah country, the distance of 300 computed miles; yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights." — ADAIR'S History of the American Indians, Lond. 1775, 4to. p. 395.



## Note II.

In Redesdale his youth had heard

Each art her wily Dalesmen dared. —

St. II. p. 76.

“What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotchman himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by ways and many intricate windings. All the daytime they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they in like manner return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood hounds following them exactly upon the track, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries



When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries, (notwithstanding the severity of their natures), to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion." — CAMDEN's Britannia.

The inhabitants of the vallies of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that in 1564 the Incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewde and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, saving a little shifting for their living, God help them;" — a description which would have applied to most borderers on both sides.

Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, is on the very edge of the Carter-Fell, which divides England from Scotland; The Rookan is a place upon Reedwater. Ber-



tram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the buccaneers.

### N o t e III.

Hiding his face, lest foemen spy

The sparkle of his swarthy eye. —

St. IV. p. 78.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form, usually discover them by the same circumstance.



## N o t e IV.

And throatwort with its azure bell. —

St. VIII. p. 82.

The *CAMPANULA LATIFOLIA*, Grand Throatwort, or Canterbury bells, grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the river Greta, where it divides the manors of Brignal and Scargill, about three miles above Greta-Bridge.

## N o t e V.

Here stood a wretch, prepared to change

His soul's redemption for revenge. —

St. IX. p. 84.

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the mind of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

«One sort of such as are said to be witches are women which be commonly old, lame, blear-



eyed, pale, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowsie minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily perswaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an earnest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yest, drink, pottage, or some such relief, without the which they could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pains, nor yet by their art, nor yet at the devil's hands, (with whom they are said to make a perfect and visible bargain,) either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever.

«It falleth out many time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they beg or borrow, but rather their lewdness is by their neighbours reprov'd. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxeth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despited of her; so as sometimes she curseth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cat-tel, etc. to the little pig that lieth in the stie.



Thus, in process of time, they have all displeased her, and she hath wished evil luck unto them all; perhaps with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, etc. which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches.....

«The witch, on the other side, expecting her neighbours mischances, and seeing things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations, (for Bodin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or wishings take effect,) being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires, and her neighbours harms and losses to concur, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are foully deceived and abused, as being, through her confession, and other circumstances, perswaded (to the injury of God's glory) that she hath done, or can do, that which is proper only to God himself.» —



Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, Lond. 1655,  
fol. p. 4, 5.

### N o t e VI.

Of my marauding on the clowns

Of Calverley and Bradford downs. —

St. XI. p. 85.

The troops of the king, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the civil war, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called the Old Troop, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have Flea-flint Plunder-Master-General, Captain Ferretfarm, and Quarter-Master Burn-drop. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life,



which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the king's cause more than his courage in the field could recompence. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

### Note VII.

— Brignal's woods, and Scargill's wave,  
E'en now o'er many a sister cave. —

St. XIV. p. 88.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford-bridge, abound in seams of a greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the under-wood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.



## N o t e VIII.

When Spain waged warfare with our land. —

St. XX. p. 95.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625 — 6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish guarda costas were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French, and by their own severities gave room for the system of buccaneering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and a thirst of plunder.

## N o t e XI.

— — — our comrades' strife. —

St. XXIII. p. 97.

The laws of the buccaneers, and their successors the pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or



the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach (called Blackbeard) shews that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives.

“One night drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, discharged them at his company; Hands the master was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution.” — JOHNSON'S History of Pirates, Lond. 1724, 8vo. vol. I. p. 88.

Another anecdote of this worthy may be also mentioned. “The hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this way, and some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, ‘Come,’ says he, ‘let us make a hell of our

XVIII. E



own, and try how long we can bear it; accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air; at length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest." — Ibid. p. 90.

### N o t e X.

— — — my rangers go

Even now to track a milk-white doe. —

St. XXV. p. 99.

«Immediately after supper, the hunstman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the game's chamber, to know in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his own quarter; that done, he may go to bed, to the end that he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt: then, when he is up and ready, let him drinke a good draught, and



fetch his hound, to make him breake his fast a little: and let him not forget to fill his bottel with good wine; that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palme of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him snuffe, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood. . . .

When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to beat, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of springs or thickets; and if he find an hart or deer that likes him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, which he may know as well by the maner of his hounds drawing, as also by the eye. . . .

When he hath well considered what maner of hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the couert where he is gone to; and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or such-like. That done, let him plash or bruse down small twigges, some aloft and some below, as the art requireth, and therewithall, whilest his hound is hote, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring-walkes twice or thrice about the wood." — The Noble Art of Venerie, or Hunting, Lond. 1611, 4to, p. 76, 77.



## N o t e XI.

He turn'd his charger as he spake, etc. —

St. XXVIII. p. 102.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family : —

It was a' for our rightful king  
That we left fair Scotland's strand,  
It was a' for our rightful king  
That we e'er saw Irish land,  
My dear,  
That we e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do,  
And all is done in vain!  
My love! my native land, adieu!  
For I must cross the main,  
My dear,  
For I must cross the main.



He turn'd him round and right about,  
All on the Irish shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore,  
                    My dear,  
With, Adieu for evermore.

The soldier frae the war returns,  
And the merchant frae the main,  
But I hae parted wi' my love,  
And ne'er to meet again,  
                    My dear,  
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gone, and night is come,  
And a' are boun' to sleep,  
I think on them that's far awa  
The lee-lang night, and weep,  
                    My dear,  
The lee-lang night, and weep.

#### N o t e XII.

The Baron of Ravensworth. —

St. XXX. p. 104.

The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in  
the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three



miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the Forest of Arkin-garth. It belonged originally to the powerful family of Fitzhugh, from whom it passed to the Lords Dacre of the South.

### N o t e XIII.

— Rere-cross on Stanmore. —

St. XXX. p. 104.

This is a fragment of an old cross with its pediment, surrounded by an entrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-cross, or Ree-cross, of which Hollinshed gives us the following explanation: —

«At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings under these conditions, that Malcome should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the Kinge of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a crosse set up, with the Kinge of England's image on the one side, and the Kinge of Scotland's on the other, to signifie that one is march to England, and



the other to Scotland. This crosse was called the Roi-crosse, that is, the cross of the kinge." — HOLINSHED, Lond. 1808, 1to, v. 280.

Hollindshed's sole authority seems to have been Boethius. But it is not improbable that his account may be the true one, although the circumstance does not occur in Wintoun's Chronicle. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a landmark of importance.

#### N o t e XIV.

— Hast thou lodged our deer? —

St. XXXI. p. 105.

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge, or harbour the deer; i. e. to discover his retreat, as described at length in Note X., and then to make his report to his prince, or master: —

Before the king I come report to make,  
Then husht and peace for noble Tristrame's  
sake . . .

My liege, I went this morning on my quest,  
My hound did stick, and seem'd to vent some  
beast.



I held him short, and drawing after him,  
 I might behold the hart was feeding trym;  
 His head was high, and large in each degree,  
 Well paulmed eke, and seem'd full sound to  
 be.

Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,  
 Of stately height, and long he seemed then.  
 His beam seem'd great, in good proportion led,  
 Well barred and round, well pearled neare  
 his head.

He seemed fayre tweene blacke and berrie  
 brounde,

He seemes well fed by all the signes I found.  
 For when I had well marked him with eye,  
 I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.  
 And when I had so wayted full an houre,  
 That he might be at layre and in his boure,  
 I cast about to harbour him full sure;  
 My hound by sent did me thereof assure....

Then if he ask what slot or view I found,  
 I say the slot or view was long on ground;  
 The toes were great, the joynt bones round  
 and short,

The shinne bones large, the dew-claws close in  
 port:

Short ioynted was he, hollow-footed eke,  
 An hart to hunt as any man can seeke.

The Art of Venerie, ut supra, p. 97.

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## NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

### Note I.

When Denmark's Raven soared on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, their fatal croak  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke. —

St. I. p. 109.

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Ingvar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in



poetry, called REAFEN, or Rumfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven: —

Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,  
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:

While the sick moon, at their enchanted song  
Wrapt in pale tempest, laboured thro' the  
clouds,

The demons of destruction then, they say,  
Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof  
Their baleful power: The sisters ever sung;  
«Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes.»

Thomson and Mallet's Alfred.

The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and begun to colonize, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Mal-



colm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the *Gesta et Vestigia Danorum extra Daniam*, tom. II. p. 40. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests, *Widfam*, that is, *The Strider*.

#### N o t e II.

Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,  
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force. —

St. I. p. 109.

The Tees rises about the skirts of Cross-fell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the mountains which divide the North-Riding from Cumberland. High-Force is seventy-five feet in height.



## N o t e III.

Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fixed on each vale a Runic name. —

St. I. p. 109.

The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Wooden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thorsgill, of which a description is attempted in Stanza II., is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglistone Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giantqueller, and in that capacity the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunheim. There is an old poem in the Edda of Soemund, called the Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the Mace, or Hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power



seems to have depended. It may be read to great advantage in a version equally spirited and literal, among the Miscellaneous Translations and Poems of the Honourable William Herbert.

#### N o t e IV.

Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood embrued his steel. —

St. VI. p. 114.

The O'Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lane. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale, after whose death, Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, be-



came nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that, he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, «no respect to him could containe many women in those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging durt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reuiling him with bitter words; yea, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majesties direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, hee durst not passe by those parts without direction to the shiriffes, to convey him with troopes of horse from place to



place, till he was safely embarked and put to sea for Ireland." — Itinerary, p. 269.

### N o t e V.

But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died. —

St. VI. p. 114.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

“This captaine and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived vpon hearbes growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the moneth of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foote and horse-troopes of the English army, to victual this fort, and to raise the rebels siege. When the English entered the place and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) pricked forward with rage,



enuy; and settled rancour against the marshal, assayled the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the successe to kill him valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English, being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terme it great, since the English, from their first arriuall in that kingdome, neuer had received so great an ouerthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackewater; thirteene valiant captaines and 1500 common souldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had serued in Britanny vnder Generall Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially vpon messages sent to Captaine Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended vpon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him thereunto." — FYNES MORYSOVS Itinerary, London, 1617, fol. part. II. p. 24.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal,



Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English Blackwater, is termed, in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thames and the Medmay." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland: —

Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen  
Is called Black-water — —

#### N o t e VI.

The Tanist he to great O'Neale. —

St. VI. p. 115.

«EUDOX. What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and termes never heard of nor known to us.

«IREN. It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that, presently after the death of one of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally ap-



pointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept: and then next to him doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainry, if he live thereunto.

«EUDOX. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

«IREN. They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand



delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards, and thrice backwards.

“EUDOX. But how is the Tanist chosen?”

“IREN. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did.” — SPENSER’S View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, Lond. 1805, 8vo. vol. VIII. p. 306.

The Tanist, therefore, of O’Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor’s right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr Wordsworth’s lines: —

— — — the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.



## N o t e VII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread, etc. —

St. VIII. p. 116.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poet of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars :

I marvailde in my mynde,  
and thereupon did muse,  
To see a bride of heavenlie hewe  
an ouglie fere to chuse.  
This bride it is the soile,  
the bridegroome is the karne,  
With writhed glibbes, like wicked sprits,  
with visage rough and stearne;  
With sculles upon their poalles,  
instead of civill cappes;  
With speares in hand, and swordes bysides,  
to beare off after clappes;  
With jackettes long and large,  
which shroud simplicitie,  
Though spitfull dartes which they do beare  
importe iniquitie.  
Their shirtes be very strange,  
not reaching past the thie;



With pleates on pleates thei pleated are  
as thicke as pleates may lye.

Whose sleeves hang trailing doune  
almost unto the shoe;

And with a mantell commonlie  
the Irish karne do goe.

Now some amongst the reste  
doe use another weede;

A coate I meane, of strange devise,  
which fancy first did breade.

His skirts be very shorte,  
with pleates set thik about,

And Irish trouzes moe to put  
their strange protactours out.

DERRICK'S Image of Ireland, apud SOMERS'  
Tracts, Edin. 1809, 4to. vol. I. p. 585.

Some curious wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem that the ancient Irish dress was (the bonnet excepted) very similar to that of the Scottish highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging their hair, which was called the glibbe. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit masks for a thief, since, when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut



it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognize him. This, however, is nothing to the reprobation with which the same poet regards that favourite part of the Irish dress, the mantle. —

“It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thiefe. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanyes banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandring in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his penthouse; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable: for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his



couch to sleep in. Therein he wrapeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, then all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword; besides it is light to beare, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him, for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in free-booting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangered. Besides this, he, or any man els that



is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol if he please, to be always in readiness." — SPENSER'S View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, ut supra, VIII. 367.

The javelins, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

#### • N o t e VIII.

With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne. —

St. VIII. p. 117.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms: —

O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in



God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your conscience and right; and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to see you righted in all your affaires, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale betwixt this and to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you if you come not to him at furthest by Satturday noone. From Knocke Dumayne in Calrie, the fourth of February, 1599.

“O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth giue you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in coming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitzgerald.

“Subscribed O'NEALE.”

Nor did the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with Essex, and after mentioning “his fern table, and fern forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven,” he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and alle-



giance of his subjects. «His guard, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not, but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it.» — *Nugae Antiquae*, Lond. 1784, 8vo. vol. I. p. 251.

### N o t e IX.

His foster-father was his guide. —

St. X. p. 118.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

«Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and even for any vicious purposes; fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion: and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater



mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chid by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants: as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night." — Giraldus Cambrensis, quoted by Camden, IV. 368.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connection: and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connection between the nurse and foster child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.



## N o t e X.

Great Nial of the Pledges Nine. —

St. XIV. p. 122.

Niell Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal's sons were derived the Kinel-eoguin, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neill (according to O'Flaherty's Ogygia) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

## N o t e XI.

Shane-Dymas wild — — —

St. XIV. p. 122.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton,



held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

«This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address; his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard, 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, 'That, tho' the queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her but at her lodging; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as earl; that his blood and power were better than the best: that his ancestors were kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none.' His kinsman, the Earl of Kildare, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England,



he resolved to attend the queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron. Thus dressed, and surcharged with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at court his versatility now prevailed, his title to the sovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, that the queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repenting rebel; in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates." — CADMEN'S *Britannia*, by Gough, Lond. 1806. fol. vol. IV. p. 442.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clondeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish highlanders of the family of Mac-Donnell. He was at first courteously received, but



by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and, advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

## N o t e XII.

— — Geraldine. — St. XIV. p. 122.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family, for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco. Fear-flatha O'Gnive, bard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had disfigured the fair sporting fields of Erin. See Walker's Irish Bards, p. 140.



## N o t e XIII.

He chose that honour'd flag to bear. —

St. XVI. p. 124.

Lacy informs us, in the old play already quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country gentlemen for Charles's service were usually officered. "You, cornet, have a name that's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all beardless boys in our army. The most part of our horse were raised thus: — The honest country gentleman raises the troop at his own charge; then he gets a low-country lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he sends for his son from school to be his cornet; and then he puts off his child's coat to put on a buffcoat: and this is the constitution of our army."

## N o t e XIV.

— — his page, the next degree

In that old time to chivalry. —

St. XVI. p. 124.

Originally the order of chivalry embraced three ranks: — 1. The Page; 2 The Squire;



3. The Knight ; — a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of free-masonry. But before the reign of Charles I. the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring any thing degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction. The proper nature, and the decay of the institution, are pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own forcible moral colouring. The dialogue occurs between Lovel, «a compleat gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, and so to have followed him in the French wars, after companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son,” and the facetious Goodstock, host of the Light Heart. Lovel had offered to take Goodstock’s son for his page, which the latter, in reference to the recent abuse of the establishment, declares as «a desperate course of life :”

LOVELL.

Call you that desperate, which by a line  
Of institution, from our ancestors

XVIII.

G



Hath been derived down to us, and received  
In a succession, for the noblest way  
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,  
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise,  
And all the blazon of a gentleman?  
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,  
To move his body gracefully; to speak  
His language purer; or to tune his mind,  
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,  
Than in the nurseries of nobility?

## H O S T.

Aye, that was when the nursery's self was  
noble,  
And only virtue made it, not the market,  
That titles were not vented at the drum,  
Or common outcry; goodness gave the great-  
ness,  
And greatness worship: every house became  
An academy of honour; and those parts  
We see departed, in the practice, now,  
Quite from the institution.

L O V E L L.

Why do you say so?  
Or think so enviously? do they not still



Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of  
 Thrace,  
 To ride? or, Pollux' mystery, to fence?  
 The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring  
 In armour, to be active in the wars?  
 To study figures, numbers, and proportions,  
 May yield them great in counsels, and the arts  
 Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised?  
 To make their English sweet upon their tongue,  
 As reverend Chaucer says?

## H O S T.

Sir, you mistake;  
 To play Sir Pandarus my copy hath it,  
 And carry messages to Madam Cressida?  
 Instead of backing the brave steed o'mornings,  
 To court the chambermaid; and for a leap  
 O' the vaulting horse to ply the vaulting house:  
 For exercise of arms a bale of dice,  
 Or two or three packs of cards to shew the  
 cheat,  
 And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak  
 Upon my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his  
 pocket  
 Of a superfluous watch; or geld a jewel  
 Of an odd stone or so; twinge two or three  
 buttons



From off my lady's gown : these are the arts  
Or seven liberal deadly sciences  
Of pagery, or rather paganism,  
As the tides run ; to which if he apply him,  
He may perhaps take a degree at Tyburn  
A year the earlier ; come to take a lecture  
Upon Aquinas at St Thomas a Waterings,  
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle !

BEN JONSON'S New Inn , Act I. Scene III.



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## NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

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### N o t e I.

Rokeby — — St. III. p. 145.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is inclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta, and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.



## N o t e II.

Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name. —

St. IX. p. 151.

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr Rokeby of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby: —

*Pedigree of the House of Rokeby.*

1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Knt. married to Sir Hump. Liffle's daughter.<sup>1</sup>
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lumley's daughter.
3. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Tho. Hubborn's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggott's daughter.
5. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Mel-sass' daughter of Bennet-Hall in Holderness.

---

1. Lisle



6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Brian Stapleton's daughter of Weighill.
  7. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.<sup>1</sup>
  8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Mansfield, heir of Morton.<sup>2</sup>
  9. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Stroode's daughter and heir.
  10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Jas. Strangeways' daughter.
  11. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John Hotham's daughter.
  12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yafforth daughter and heir.<sup>3</sup>
  13. Tho. Rokeby, Esq. to Rob. Constable's daughter of Cliff, serjt at law.
  14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lasscells of Brackenburgh's daughter.<sup>4</sup>
- 

1. Temp. Edw. 2di.

2. Temp. Edw. 3tii.

3. Temp. Henr. 7mi. and from his is the house of Skyers of a fourth brother.

4. From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had issue.



15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter of Brough.
17. Frans. Rokeby, Esq. to Faucett's daughter, citizen of London.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wicliffe of Gales.

*High Sheriffs of Yorkshire.*

1337. 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annis.
1358. 25 Edw. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justiciary of Ireland for six years; died at the castle of Kilka.
1407. 8 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles, defeated and slew the Duke of Northumberland at the Battle of Bramham Moor.
1411. 12 Hen. 4. Thomas Rokeby Miles.
1486. . . . . Thomas Rokeby, Esq.
1539. . . . . Robert Holgate, Bish. of Landaff, afterwards P. of York,



Ld President of the Council  
for the Preservation of Peace  
in the North.

1564. 6 Eliz. Tho. Younge, Archbishop of  
Yorke, Ld President.

30 Hen. 8. Tho. Rokeby, L. L. D. one  
of the Council.

Jn. Rokeby, L. L. D. one of  
the Council.

1572. 15 Eliz. Henry Hastings, Earl of Hun-  
tingdon, Ld President.

Jo. Rokeby, Esq. one of the  
Council.

Jo. Rokeby, L. L. D. ditto.

Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of  
the Secretaries.

1574. 17 Eliz. Jo. Rokeby, Precentor of  
York.

7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the  
Justices of the King's Bench.

The family of De Rokeby came over with  
the Conqueror.

The old motto belonging to the family is *In  
Bivio Dextra.*

The arms, argent, cherron sable, between  
three rooks proper.



There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish History about the affairs of Dun-Bretton town, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English bondage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of that place; and as he walked on a cliff, should thrust him on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have gotten that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Edw. I. or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called Eulogium Historiarum, out of which Mr Leland reporteth this history, and copy down unwritten story, the which have yet the testimony of later times, and the fresh memory of men yet alive, for their warrant and credit, of whom I have learned it, that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq. was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the fryars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made.



The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby ; when he lived is uncertain.

To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood alluded , it would be now in vain to enquire. But in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukbie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand :

In the great press Wallace and Rukbie met,  
With his good sword a stroke upon him set;  
Derfly to death the old Rukbie he drave,  
But his two sons escaped among the lave.

These sons, according to the romantic minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glendonchart, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. These circumstances may have been confused



in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr Rokeby.

In the old ballad of Chevy Chace, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, "Sir Raff the ryche Rugbe," which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeby, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus: —

Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

### N o t e III.

— — the Felon Sow. —

St. IX. p. 152.

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance, and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the



latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney, and the chace, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry; or, as in the Hunting of the Hare (see Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. III.) persons of the same description following the chace, with all the grievous mistakes and blunders incident to such unpractised sportsmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote's frenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not perhaps in the abstract altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humour, is the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII. which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's Wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortham of the text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron's place of residence; accordingly Leland notices that «Mr Rokeby hath a place called



Mortham, a little beneath Grentey-bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey." That no information may be lacking which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had discomfited Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeby family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yafforth.

This curious poem was first published in Mr Whitaker's History of Craven, but from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr Evans to the new edition of his ballads, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. I have been induced to give a more authentic and full, though still an imperfect, edition of this humorous composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr Rokeby, to whom I have acknowledged my obligations in the last note. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Mr Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.



*The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond.*

Ye men that will of aunter<sup>1</sup> winne,  
That late within this land hath beenc,  
Of one I will you tell;  
And of a sew<sup>2</sup> that was sea<sup>3</sup> strang,  
Alas! that ever she lived sea lang,  
For fell<sup>4</sup> folk did she whell.<sup>5</sup>

She was mare<sup>6</sup> than other three,  
The grisliest beast that ere might be,  
Her head was great and gray;  
She was bred in Rokeby wood,  
There was few that thither goed,<sup>7</sup>  
That came on live<sup>8</sup> away.

- 
1. Both the MS. and Mr Whitaker's copy read *ances-*  
*tors*, evidently a corruption of *aunter*, adventures,  
as corrected by Mr Evans.
  2. Sow, according to provineial pronunciation
  3. So; Yorkshire dialect.
  4. Fele, many, Sax.
  5. A corruption of *quell*, to kill.
  6. More, greater.
  7. Went.
  8. Alive.



Her walk was endlong <sup>1</sup> Greta side;  
 There was no bren <sup>2</sup> that durst her bide,  
 That was froe <sup>3</sup> heaven to hell;  
 Nor never man that had that might,  
 That ever durst come in her sight,  
 Her force it was so fell.

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,  
 The fryers of Richmond gave her till, <sup>4</sup>  
 Full well to garre <sup>5</sup> them fare;  
 Fryer Middleton by his name,  
 He was sent to fetch her hame,  
 That rued him sine <sup>6</sup> full sare.

With him tooke he wight men two,  
 Peter Dale was one of thoe,  
 That ever was brim as beare; <sup>7</sup>

---

1. Along the side of Greta.

2. Barn, child, man in general.

3. From.

4. To.

5. Make.

6. Since.

7. Fierce as a bear. Mr Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS. — T'other was Bryan of Bear.



And well durst strike with sword and knife,  
 And fight full manly for his life,  
 What time as mister ware. <sup>1</sup>

These three men went at God's will,  
 This wicked sew while they come till,  
 Liggan <sup>2</sup> under a tree;  
 Rugg and rusty was her haire;  
 She raise up with a felon fare, <sup>3</sup>  
 To fight against the three.

She was so grisely for to meete,  
 She rave the earth up with her feete,  
 And barke came fro the tree;  
 When Fryar Middleton her saugh, <sup>4</sup>  
 Weet ye well be might not laugh,  
 Full earnestly look't hee.

These men of aunter that was so wight, <sup>5</sup>  
 They bound them bauldly <sup>6</sup> for to fight,

---

1. Need were. Mr Whitaker reads *musters*.

2. Lying.

3 A fierce countenance or manner.

4. Saw.

5. Wight, brave. The Rokeby MS. reads *incounters*,  
 and Mr Whitaker, *auncestors*.

6. Boldly.



And strike at her full sare:  
 Untill a kiln they garred her flee,  
 Wold God send them the victory,  
 They wold ask him noa mare.

The sew was in the kiln kole down,  
 As they were on the balke aboon,<sup>1</sup>  
 For<sup>2</sup> hurting of their feet;  
 They were so saulted<sup>3</sup> with this sew,  
 That among them was a stalworth stew,  
 The kilne began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,  
 But putt a rape<sup>4</sup> down with his wand,  
 And haltered her full meete;  
 They hurled her forth against her will,  
 Whiles they came unto a hill  
 A little fro the streete.<sup>5</sup>

And there she made them such a fray,  
 If they should live to Doomes-day,

1. On the beam above.

2. To prevent.

3. Assaulted.

4. Rope.

5. Watling-street; see the sequel.



They tharrow <sup>1</sup> it ne'er forget;  
 She braded <sup>2</sup> upon every side,  
 And ran on them gaping full wide,  
 For nothing would she lett. <sup>3</sup>

She gave such brades <sup>4</sup> at the band,  
 That Pater Dale had in his hand,  
 He might not hold his feet.  
 She chafed them to and fro,  
 The wight men was never soe woe,  
 Their measure was not so meete.

She bound her boldly to abide;  
 To Pater Dale she came aside  
 With many a hideous yell;  
 She gaped so wide and cried soe hee,  
 The fryar said. "I conjure thee, <sup>5</sup>  
 Thou art a fiend of hell.

---

1. Dare.

2. Rushed.

3. Leave it.

4. Pulls.

5. This line is wanting in Mr Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose.



"Thou art come hither for some traine,<sup>1</sup>  
I conjure thee to go againe

Where thou wast wont to dwell."

He sayned<sup>2</sup> him with crosse and creede,  
Took forth a book, began to reade  
In St John his gospell.

The sew she would not Latin heare,  
But rudely rushed at the frear,  
That blinked all his blee;<sup>3</sup>  
And when she would have taken her hold,  
The fryar leaped as Jesus wold,  
And bealed<sup>4</sup> him with a tree.

She was as brim<sup>5</sup> as any beare,  
For all their meete to labour there,<sup>6</sup>

---

1. Evil device.

2. Blessed, Fr.

3. Lost his colour.

4. Sheltered himself.

5. Fierce.

6. The MS. reads *to labour weere*. The text seems to mean that all their labour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Mr Whitaker reads,

She was brim as any boar,  
And gave a grisly hideous roar,  
To them it was no boot.



To them it was no boote:  
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,  
She ranged as she was wood,<sup>1</sup>  
And rave them up by roote.

He sayd, «Alas, that I was frear!  
And I shall be rugged<sup>2</sup> in sunder here,  
Hard is my destinie!  
Wist<sup>3</sup> my brethren in this houre,  
That I was sett in such a stoure,<sup>4</sup>  
They would pray for me.»

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,  
Tooke that rape from the other two,  
And then they fledd all three:  
They fledd away by Watling-street,  
They had no succour but their feet,  
It was the more pity.

---

Besides the want of connection between the last line and the two former, the second has a very modern sound, and the reading of the Rokeby MS. with the slight alteration in the text, is much better.

1. Mad.

2. Torn, pulled.

3. Knew.

4. Combat, perilous fight.



The feild it was both lost and wonne; <sup>1</sup>  
 The sew went hame, and that full soone,  
 To Morton on the Greene;  
 When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape, <sup>2</sup>  
 He wist <sup>3</sup> that there had been debate,  
 Whereat the sew had beene.

He bad them stand out of her way,  
 For she had had a sudden fray, —  
 «I saw never so keene;  
 Some new things shall we heare  
 Of her and Middleton the frear,  
 Some battell hath there beene.»

But all that served him for nought,  
 Had they not better succour sought,  
 They were served therefore loe.  
 Then Mistress Rokeby came anon,  
 And for her brought shee meate full soone,  
 The sew came her unto.

1. This stanza, with the two following, and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr Whitaker's edition.
2. The rope about the sow's neck.
3. Knew.



She gave her meate upon the flower,  
 \* \* \* \* \*

(*Hiatus valde deflendus.*)

When Fryer Middleton came home,  
 His brethren was full fain il kone,<sup>2</sup>

And thanked God of his life;  
 He told them all unto the end,  
 How he had foughten with a fiend,  
 And lived through mickle strife.

“We gave her battell half a day,  
 And sithen<sup>3</sup> was fain to fly away,

For saving of our life.<sup>4</sup>  
 And Pater Dale would never blinn,<sup>5</sup>  
 But as fast as he could ryn,<sup>6</sup>  
 Till he came to his wife.”

The warden said, “I am full woe,  
 That ever ye should be torment so,

1. This line is almost ille gible.

2. Each one.

3. Since then, after that.

4. The above lines are wanting in Mr Whitaker's copy.

5. Cease, stop.

6. Run.



But wee with you had beene!  
 Had wee been there your brethren all,  
 Wee should have garred the warle <sup>1</sup> fall,  
 That wrought you all this teyne." <sup>2</sup>

Fryer Middleton said soon, "Nay,  
 In faith you would have fled away,  
 When most mister <sup>3</sup> had been;  
 You will all speake words at hame,  
 A man would ding <sup>4</sup> you every ilk ane,  
 And if it be as I weine." —

He look's so griesly all that night,  
 The warden said, "Yon man will fight  
 If you say ought but good;  
 Yon guest <sup>5</sup> hath grievedhim so sare,  
 Hold your tongues and speake noe mare,  
 Hee looks as he were wood."

---

1. Warlock, or wizard.

2. Harm.

3. Need.

4. Beat. The copy in Mr Whitaker's History of Craven reads, perhaps better, —

The fiend would ding you down ilk one.

5. , Yon guest" may be yon gest, i. e. that adventure; or it may mean yon ghaist, or apparition, which in



The warden waged <sup>1</sup> on the morne,  
 Two boldest men that ever were borne,  
 I weine, or ever shall be;  
 The one was Gibbert Griffin's son,  
 Full mickle worship has he wonne,  
 Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,  
 Many a Sarazin hath he slain,  
 His dint <sup>2</sup> hath gart them die.  
 These two men the battle undertooke  
 Against the sew, as says the booke,  
 And sealed security,

That they should boldly bide and fight,  
 And skomfit her in maine and might,  
 Or therefore should they die.  
 The warden sealed to them againe,  
 And said, «In feild if ye be slain,  
 This condition make I:

---

old poems is applied sometimes to what is superna-  
 turally hideous. The printed copy reads, — The  
 beast hath, etc.

1. Hired, a Yorkshire phrase.

2. Blow.



“We shall for you pray, sing, and read  
To doomesday with hearty speede,

With all our progeny.”

Then the letters well was made,

Bands bound with scales brade,<sup>1</sup>

As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that weere soe wight,

With armour and with brandes bright,

They went this sew to see;

She made on them slike a rerd,<sup>2</sup>

That for her they were sare afer'd,

And almost bound to flee.

She came roveing them againe;

That saw the bastard son of Spaine,

He braded<sup>3</sup> out his brand;

Full spiteously at her he strake,

For all the fence that he could make,

She gat sword out of hand;

And rave in sunder half his shielde,

And bare him backward in the feilde,

He might not her gainstand.

---

1. Broad, large.

2. Such like a roar.

3. Drew out.



She would have riven his privich geare,  
But Gilbert with his sword of werre,  
He strake at her full strong,  
On her shoulder till she held the swerd;  
Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd,  
When the blade brake in throng.<sup>1</sup>

Since in his hands he hath her tane,  
She tooke him by the shoulder bane,<sup>2</sup>  
And held her hold full fast,  
She strave so stiffly in that stower,<sup>3</sup>  
That thorough all his rich armour  
The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert greived was sea sare,  
That he rave off both hide and haire,  
The flesh came fro the bone;  
And with all force he felled her there,  
And wann her worthily in werre,  
And band her him alone.

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1. In the combat.

2. Bone.

3. Meeting, battle.



And lift her on a horse sea hee,  
 Into two paniers well-made of a tree,  
 And to Richmond they did hay: <sup>1</sup>  
 When they saw her come,  
 They sang merrily Te Deum,  
 The fryers on that day. <sup>2</sup>

They thanked God and St Francis,  
 As they had won the beast of pris, <sup>3</sup>  
 And never a man was slaine:  
 There did never a man more manly,  
 Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gui,  
 Nor Loth of Louthyane. <sup>4</sup>

If ye will any more of this,  
 In the fryars of Richmond 'tis  
 In parchment good and fine;  
 And how Fryar Middleton that was so kend, <sup>5</sup>  
 At Greta-bridge conjured a feind  
 In likeness of a swine.

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1. Hie, hasten.

2. The MS. reads mistakenly *every* day.

3. Price.

4. The father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Merlin. The MS. is thus corrupted, —

More loth of Louth Ryme.

5. Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.



It is well known to many a man,  
That Fryar Theobald was warden than,  
And this fell in his time;  
And Christ them bless both farre and neare,  
All that for solace list this to heare,  
And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokeby with full good will,  
The fryars of Richmond he gave her till,  
This sew to mend their fare:  
Fryar Middleton by his name,  
Would needs bring the fat sew hame,  
That rued him since full sare.

#### N o t e IV.

The Filea of O'Neale was he. —

St. X. p. 153.

The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but



all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as "savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device," yet rigorously cendemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to "the gracing of wickedness and vice." The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table. It was one of the customs of which Sir Richard Sewry, to whose charge Richard II. committed the instruction of four Irish monarchs in the civilization of the period, found it most difficult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to reconcile them to wear breeches. "The kyng, my seuerevigne lord's entent was, that in maner, countenaunce, and apparell of clothyng, they sholde use according to the maner of Englande, for the kynge thought to make them all four knyghtes: they had a fayre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged to abyde styll with them,



and not to departe; and so two or three dayes I suffered them to do as they lyst, and sayde nothyng to them, but folowed their owne appetytes: they wolde sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good nor fayre. Than I thought I shulde cause them so chaunge that maner; they wolde cause their mynstrells, their seruantes, and varlettes to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne dyssche, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their countre was good, for they sayd in all thyngs (except their beddes) they were and lyved as comen. So the fourthe day I ordayned other tables to be couered in the hall, after the usage of Englande, and I made these four knyghtes to sytte at the hyghe table, and there mynstrels at another borde, and their seruantes and varlettes at another byneth them, wherof by semyng they were displeased, and beheld each other, and wolde not eate, and sayde, how I wolde take fro them their good usage, wherin they had been norished. Then I answered them, smylyng, to apeace them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leave it, and use the custom of Englande, and that it was the kynge's pleasure they shulde so do, and how he was charged so to order them.



When they harde that, they suffred it, by-cause they had putte themselfe under the obey-sance of the kynge of England, and parceuered in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their countre, and that was, they dyde were no breches; I caused breches of lynen clothe to be made for them. Whyle I was with them I caused them to leaue many rude thynges, as well in cloth yng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the fyrst to cause them to weare gow-nes of sylke, furred with myneuere and gray: for before these kynges thought themselfe well apparelled whan they had on a mantell. They rode alwayes without saddles and styropes, and with great payne I made them to ride after our usage." — LORD BERNERS' Froissart, Lond. 1812, 4to. II. 621.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted title to interfere in matters of the weightiest concern, may be also proved from the behaviour of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oration to dissuade him from his purpose. The young



lord had come to the council «armed and weaponed,” and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration «with such a lamentable action as his cheekes were all beblubbered with teares, the horsemen, namelie, such as understood not English, began to diuine what the lord chancellor meant with all this long circumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making of some heroicall poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every idiot shot his foolish bolt at the wise chancellor his discourse, who in effect did nought else but drop pretious stones before hogs, one Bard de Nelan, an Irish rithmour, and a rotten shedpe to infect a whole flocke, was chatting of Irish verses, as though his toong had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, investing him with the title of Silken Thomas, bicause his horsemens jacks were gorgeously imbroidered with silke: and in the end he told him that he lingered there ouer long. Whereat the Lord Thomas being quickened,<sup>1</sup> as Hollingshed expresses it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down con-

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1. Hollinshed, Lond. 1808, 4to. vol. VI. p 291.  
XVIII. I



temptuously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence, he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insurrection.

N o t e V.

Ah, Clandeboy; thy kindly floor  
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more. —

St. X. p. 153.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality, and doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the verses of the British Llywarch Hen on a similar occasion, which are affecting, even through the discouraging medium of a literal translation. —







This hearth, will it not be overgrown with  
spreading brambles!

Till now logs of burning wood lay on it,  
Accustomed to prepare the gifts of Reged!

This hearth, will it not be covered with thorns!  
More congenial on it would have been the mixed group

Of Owain's social friends united in harmony.

This hearth, will it not be covered over with  
ants!

More adapted to it would have been the bright  
torches

And harmless festivities!

This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves!

More congenial on its floor would have been  
The mead, and the talking of wine-cheered  
warriors.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the  
swine!

More congenial to it would have been the clamour of men,

And the circling horns of the banquet.

Heroic Elegies of Llywarc Hen, by  
Owen, Lond. 1792, 8vo. p. 41.



The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without bed, —  
I must weep awhile, and then be silent!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without candle —  
Except God doth, who will endue me with  
patience!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without being lighted —  
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof,  
Since the sweet smile of humanity is no  
more —

Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do  
good!

The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of  
thy appearance,  
Thy shield is in the grave;  
Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!

The hall of Cynddylan is without love this  
night,  
Since he that owned it is no more —  
Ah, death! it will be but a short time he will  
leave me!



The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night,  
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,  
Without its lord, without company, without  
the circling feasts!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without songs —  
Tears afflict the cheeks!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without family —  
My over-flowing tears gush out!

The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,  
Without a covering, without fire —  
My general dead, and I alive myself!

The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief  
this night,  
After the respect I experienced;  
Without the men, without the women, who  
reside there!

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night,  
After losing its master —  
The great merciful God, what shall I do!

Ibid, p. 77.



## N o t e VI.

— Marwood-chace and Toller-hill. —

St. XII. p. 156.

Marwood - chace is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard-castle. Toller-hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins.

## N o t e VII.

— Hawthornden. — St. XIV. p. 158.

Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the civil wars. He died in 1649.

## N o t e VIII.

MacCurtin's harp. — St. XIV. p. 158.

«MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, and Filea to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Munster. This nobleman was amongst those who were prevailed upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was known that he had basely abandoned the inter-



ests of his country, MacCurtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, and of the Eugenian line, who, with O'Neil, O'Donnel, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he dwells with rapture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy; but the verse that should (according to an established law of the order of the bards) be introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns into severe satire: — 'How am I afflicted (says he) that the descendant of the great Brien Boiromh cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honour and glory of his exalted race!' Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day, observing the exasperated nobleman and his equipage at a small distance, he thought it was in vain to fly, and pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death; directing his wife to lament over him, and tell his lordship that the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude, had so much affected him that he could not support it; and desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he entreated, as a dying request, his forgiveness. Soon as Lord Thomond arrived, the feigned tale was related to him. The



nobleman was moved to compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling bard, who, suddenly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and, re-entering into his service, became once more his favourite." — WALKER's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, Lond. 1786, 4to, p. 141.

#### N o t e IX.

The ancient English minstrel's dress —

St. XV. p. 159.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenelworth Castle; was the introduction of a person designed to represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a solemn story out of the Acts of King Arthur. Of this person's dress and appearance Mr Laneham has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary dissertation on minstrels, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I.



## N o t e X.

Littlecote-hall — St. XXVII. p. 172.

The tradition from which the ballad is founded was supplied by a friend, whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge, as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall. —

“Little-cote house stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is



a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle<sup>1</sup> within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the

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<sup>1</sup> I think there is a chapel on one side of it, but am not quite sure.



back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed curtains you are shewn a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again, — a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story: —

It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sate musing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for



many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must begone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed.



The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sate by the bed-side, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote-House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrel was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Stile, — a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

«Littlecote-House is two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I



have given exactly as they are told in the country; some trifles only are added, either to render the whole connected, or to increase the impression."

With this tale of terror the author has combined some circumstances of a similar legend, which was current at Edinburgh during his childhood.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight, to pray with a person at point of death. This was no unusual summons, but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan-chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress, not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were great-



ly above the menial station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bed-room, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into the chair; but, as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home; a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news, that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of \*\*\*\*, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor,



a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of \*\*\*\* had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom: «A nes burned, twice burned; the third time I'll scare you all!» The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach



the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

### N o t e XI.

As thick a smoke these hearths have given  
As Hallowtide or Christmas even. —

St. XXXIII. p. 177.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welch chieftain: —

«Enmity did continue betweene Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Rebert, Griffith ap Gronw (cozen-german to John ap Meredith's sonnes of Gwynfryn, who had long served in France, and had charge there) comeing home to live in the countrey, it happened that a servant of his, comeing to fish in Stymllyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell a Rys his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Gronw took the matter in such dudgeon that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cosins John ap Me-



redith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the manner he had seene in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howel ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shot out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the head, and slayne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the doores fired with great burthens of straw; besides this, the smoake of the out-houses and barnes not farre distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under boordes and benches upon the floore, in the hall, the better to avoyd the smoake. During this scene of confusion onely the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, but stood valiantly in the midst of the floore, armeth with a gleve in his hand, and called unto them, and bid 'them arise like men, for shame, for he had knowne there as great a smoake in that hall upon Christmas even.' In the end, seeing the house could noe longer defend them, being overlayed with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeald himself prisoner to Morris



ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the triall of the law for the death of Graff' ap John ap Gronw, who was cosen-german removed to the said Howell ap Rys, and of the very same house he was of. Which Morris ap John ap Meredith undertaking, did put a guard about the said Howell of his trustiest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campe to Carnarvon: the whole countrie being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was come thither safe, for they were in great fear lest he should be murdered, and that Morris ap John ap Meredith could not be able to defend him, neither durst any of Howell's friends be there, for fear of the kindred. In the end, being delivered by Morris ap John ap Meredith to the constable of Carnarvon Castle; and there kept safely in ward untill the assises, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howell's houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more haynous offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the



rest, than the death of Graff ap John ap Gronw in Howell, who did it in his own defence; whereupon Morris ap John ap Meredith, with thirty-five more, were indicted of felony, as appeareth by the copie of the indictment, which I had from the records." — SIR JOHN WYNNE'S History of the Gwydir Family, Lond. 1770, 8vo. p. 116.







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## NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

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### N o t e I.

O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove. —

St. XXI. p. 207.

This custom among the Redesdale and Tyne-  
dale borderers is mentioned in the interest-  
ing Life of Barnard Gilpin, where some ac-  
count is given of these wild districts, which it  
was the custom of that excellent man regular-  
ly to visit.

«This custom (of duels) still prevailed on  
the borders, where Saxon barbarism held its  
latest possession. These wild Northumbrians



indeed went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel: each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

«It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr Gilpin began his sermon the other entered. They stood not long silent: inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords; and mutually approach. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however,



that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that, at his farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

«One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear', saith he, 'that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;' and,



pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then shewed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them." — Life of Barnard Gilpin, Lond. 1753, 8vo. p. 177.

## N o t e II.

A Horseman armed, at headlong speed. —

St. XXXII. p. 219.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called, from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island in the lake of Windermere. —

«This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the king. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.



«The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprize; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

«After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority<sup>1</sup> does not inform us — whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major

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1. Dr Burn's History of Westmoreland.



Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

«It was now the major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers, (for it was on a Sunday morning,) he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

«The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.



“At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him: and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil.”

T H E   E N D.















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